

THE
LADY'S
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1811.

MRS. HONORA EDGEWORTH.

THE portrait which adorns our present number, we conceive, will not be uninteresting to our readers, when in it they behold a correct resemblance of the mother of the present Miss Edgeworth, a lady of whose literary abilities "The Castle of Rackrent," "Irish Bulls," &c. bear ample testimony.

Mrs. Edgeworth was the Honora Sneyd of whom Miss Seward, in her letters, speaks so highly, both as to her personal and mental qualifications, and whose death she so often and so plaintively expresses.

It was, while under the roof of Dr. Seward, at Lichfield, whose protégée Miss Sneyd was, that she became the object of love to the celebrated and unfortunate Major Andre (vide his Letters and Life) and to whom she was once sincerely attached; a passion, of which it may not be to much to say, was the cause of his death. The father of Miss Honora was averse to the match, it was broken off; and young Andre, then about twenty, left his uncle's counting-house, in despair, for the army in America. On the tidings of her marriage, the consequences are too well known; he became a victim to the injured laws of war. She married a Mr. Lovell Edgeworth, four years after her

engagement with Major Andre had been broken off; but died of a consumption a few months before the subject of her unfortunate attachment suffered an ignominious death at Tappan.

Major Andre possessed numberless qualities, he was a poet, a musician, and a painter. In 1769, on his first acquaintance with Miss Sneyd, he painted a portrait of her for Miss Seward, and another for himself: of the latter he says, in one of his letters,—“ I have been taken prisoner by the Americans, and stript of every thing except the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth; preserving that I yet think myself fortunate.”

Thus the female sex become acquainted with one who may be celebrated for the constancy of his attachment; perhaps they occur oftener than they are willing to imagine.

Of the portrait painted by Major Andre, Miss Seward, in her will thus speaks:—“ To my before-mentioned friend Mrs. Mary Powys, in consideration of the true and unextinguishable love which she bore to the original, I bequeath the miniature picture of the said Honora Sneyd, drawn at Buxton, in the year 1769, by her gallant, faithful, and unfortunate lover, Major Andre, in his eighteenth year; that was his first attempt to delineate the human face, consequently it is an unfavourable, and most imperfect resemblance of a distinguished beauty.”

But it was the picture painted by Romney which by chance produced the likeness which Miss Seward feared could never be attained, and which she describes so rapturously in her letters: the annexed is a correct copy. The original was an ideal figure, intended for Serena, the heroine of Mr. Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper*; and is bequeathed in these words:—“ The mezzotint engraving, from a picture of Romney's, and which is thus inscribed on a tablet at top, ‘ Such was Honora Sneyd,’ I bequeath to her brother, Edward Sneyd, Esq. if he survives me; if not I bequeath it to his amiable daughter, Miss Emma Sneyd, entreating





Hopwood sc.

M^{rs} Liston.

Published by Vernon Hood & Sharpe, Doultry, Sep. 11. 1831.

her to value and preserve it, as the perfect, though accidental resemblance of her aunt, and my ever dear friend, when she was surrounded by all her virgin glories—beauty and grace, sensibility and goodness, superior intelligence, and unswerving truth." We have copied the bequest word for word, in order to shew the enthusiastic regard which Miss Seward bore for the unfortunate Honora.

MRS. LISTON.

(Portrait given in our last.)

THE lives of some persons abound so much in extraordinary occurrences that the pen of the novelist is often thought to be borrowed where it is only portraying matter of real fact; for while some men sail down the stream of life without steering out of their course, others again meet with constant obstructions, and are, by a concussion of extraordinary circumstances, driven to a port far different indeed from their preconceived destination.

Miss Sarah Tyrer, was born on the 6th of May, 1781, we presume in Seward Street, Goswell Street, St. Luke's, at which place her father was a watchmaker, with a large family. Had he lived, it is probable, that very far different would have been the destination of little Sally; who, at this time only occupied in singing the effusions of Dr. Watts at Camomile Street Meeting, little thought of ever enrapturing an audience even larger than that of the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, for her parents were rigid presbyterians. How far our heroine followed their propensities the public must be well acquainted. About the age of fourteen she lost her father, who left her mother encumbered with a large family, entirely dependent upon friends. Something therefore was necessary to be done; the talent of Miss Tyrer had interested a lady in her welfare, she imagined that so sweet a voice as her's might be turned to account, and in

order to render this plan effectual she was placed with the late Mrs. Crouch. Applause and pecuniary reward awaited her; and on her appearance before the public, in the Gipsy Prince, at the Haymarket Theatre, her hopes were confirmed by their approbation, but she had before this sung in oratorios. In 1800 she performed Josephine, in the Children of the Wood, for Mr. Bannister's benefit, also at the Haymarket Theatre. From thence she went to Drury Lane; and in 1805 she passed a winter in Dublin, accompanied by those applauses which she had deserved in this country. On her return she was again engaged at the Haymarket Theatre; and a cotemporary publication informs us, "that it is not too much to say, that the profits of the season were *chiefly owing to her exertions.*"

Her truly excellent performance of Dollalolla, gave great eclat to that burlesque tragedy, which in spite of Vauxhall and warm weather, filled the theatre, for a succession of nights, with the best company. Her mock bravura of

Curse on all those who weddings ever made,
and her first song, with the *elegant* chorus of

Rump ti iddity, bow wow wow,

brought down peals of applause and laughter; and the popularity which she acquired in this piece recommended her to the managers of Covent Garden Theatre, who engaged her at a liberal salary.

Whether or not she first became enamoured of her husband as the lovely Lord Grizzle we know not, but so fine a piece of acting as his was only second to her Dollalolla, and on the 22d of March, 1807, they were married. Of late Mrs. Liston has performed with her husband at the Haymarket, and is again engaged at Covent Garden.

Her tones are particularly sweet, and her little ad libitum passages bear a striking likeness to those of Mrs. Bland. Her face is extremely pretty, and the shortness of her stature gives to her acting an irresistible sensation of delight.

Of her private character slander has not dared to utter a syllable, and it is but a tribute to that merit which we have so often bore witness to, and to the delight which her theatrical merits have afforded us, to declare, that she is an excellent daughter, and freely imparts those pecuniary services which a liberal public has afforded, to assuage the cares of an aged mother, and to provide for a family of brothers and sisters, who look up to her for that assistance which the ties of consanguinity demand.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

BY inserting the following little narrative in your valuable miscellany you will particularly oblige a Constant Subscriber, and perhaps, at the same time, bring home conviction of their unworthiness to the bosoms of two of the most callous-hearted beings in the universe; though, alas! should they even now be brought to experience the "compunctious visitings of conscience," it is too late to retrieve the mischiefs they have caused, or restore peace to the injured victim of their perfidy, and cruelty.

"Lo, these are they whose breast the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield."

ABOUT four months ago I happened to be on a visit to some of my relations in the west of England, when on one occasion I dined and passed the day at the house of a gentleman of considerable fortune, where a numerous and brilliant company were assembled, to celebrate the coming of age of his eldest son. Amongst others of the party, who were from various causes rather conspicuous characters, there was a couple whose history had been for some time the general topic of conversation in the county, and who only, I imagine, from the circumstance of their being in possession of a large fortune, were at all admitted into respectable society; for riches, you must be aware, Mr. Editor,

are a rare-failing passport into most companies, and great indeed must be the degree of infamy attached to those who are blessed with affluence which proves sufficiently powerful to effect their banishment from the society of persons even of the best regulated lives and acknowledged moral conduct. But to proceed with my tale.—The elder lady, who is, in fact, the heroine of my story, was about twelve-months back the sorrowing relict of a wealthy banker, in ———, who having, by dint of close attention to business, and unremitting practice of economy, accumulated, it is reported, above fourscore thousand pounds, bequeathed the entire of his hard-earned, dearly-beloved wealth, to his equally money-loving spouse; leaving their only child, a beautiful girl of eighteen, dependent on her mother, and unprovided with a guinea, excepting what that mother chose to bestow on her.

A few months after this absurd settlement was executed, a young man of good family, in the same county, possessed of a tolerable estate, and bearing an unexceptionable character, professed an affection for the charming Julia, and obtained her parent's sanction to his suit.

As his person was particularly agreeable, his address captivating, and his general behaviour and conversation superior to most men of his age, it cannot be a matter of astonishment that he won the regard of Julia, who listened with complacency to his profession of an ardent passion, and bestowed on him a heart that would have enriched a monarch. Preliminaries as to fortune being arranged, to the satisfaction of all parties, a day was fixed for the celebration of the nuptials of the youthful pair; when, such is the uncertainty of all human affairs, a sudden illness attacked the father of Julia, and ere another week had elapsed, terminated his existence.

A few hours before his death, when he found his end approaching, and all hope of witnessing his daughter's marriage fled for ever, he called his lady and the afflicted Julia together, and taking a hand of each, implored a

blessing on their future lives; while he also enjoined the former to fulfil his engagements respecting the marriage of her daughter, and bestow on her the fortune for which he had contracted. This the weeping dame most solemnly vowed to perform, and the invalid expired, satisfied with the assurance she had given him, of acting by their child with the utmost tenderness and justice.

During the old gentleman's illness the lover of Julia called repeatedly to enquire after his fair one, in the midst of her affliction; and as soon as decency permitted, after the interment of the deceased, he was admitted to offer his consolation to his mistress, who viewed him with increased affection as the being shortly to supply the loss of her parent, and protector, and in himself to unite each tie of consanguinity and friendship.

At the first visit Mr. — saw not the disconsolate widow; but at the second he was admitted to pay his compliments of condolence to her also, and was received with all the grimace which usually accompanies fictitious sorrow. For several weeks his visits were continued daily; but owing, as Julia imagined, to his delicacy, and dread of wounding her feelings, he expressed not a single hint of impatience at the delay of his happiness. A stranger to guile, and as unsuspecting as innocent and lovely, the fair Julia entertained not the most distant idea of finding a rival in her own parent, nor dreamed that she had caused it to be intimated to Mr. — that her late husband's property was wholly vested in herself; that Julia was entirely dependent upon her bounty; and lastly, that if he could transfer his affections from her daughter to her he might become the legal possessor of her ample fortune, and the husband of a woman who promised in all things to prove herself most obedient to his will.

Possessed, as it should seem, of few generous or honourable principles, the mercenary wretch accepted her proposals, and resigned the interesting, beautiful, amiable, Julia, for this execrable old Jezabel, with whom his nup-

tials were celebrated but a short time previous to my meeting the party at my friend's; when I must acknowledge, I viewed the youthfully arranged, or rather, I should say, the half-undressed and highly rouged, affected old flirt (for the woman, if she is a day, is fast verging upon fifty, and that even in these times, when the name of an old woman is nearly exploded, is not just a girlish age) with sentiments of contempt, and detestation; nor did I look upon her selfish mercenary spouse, with a more favourable eye; while the mild, angelic countenance of the charming Julia, her unassuming, modest, graceful manners, attracted a large portion of my attention, and I beheld her, meekly and unmurmuring, sinking into the silent grave, the victim of perfidy and the sacrifice of the most hateful of human passions. Sweet sufferer! she seemed, like Sterne's Monk, to have done with the resentments of nature, and to look to something beyond this world, where unfortunate, indeed, have been her days.

She really is, Sir, without exception, the most interesting, lovely creature, I ever beheld; her form is elegance itself, and her face exceeds what even "youthful poet's fancy when they love." Her eyes, which are of a dark hazel, display the sweetest expression imaginable; and an air of languishing softness mingles with all she says and does, which at once attracts our notice and our pity. Oh! how I have wished to infuse into her composition a portion of the gall which overflows in my own breast, at the recollection of her injuries; but her's is too gentle a spirit to seek to wreak its vengeance on the authors of her misery; her disposition is too heavenly to admit of her pursuing a system of revenge; and silently she cherishes the grief that is consuming her, and preys upon her innocent bosom.

This sweet girl's sufferings (for I had repeatedly heard her story ere I beheld the subject of it) engrossed my attention the whole day; and I thought what a soul must be his who could wrong such excellence, and give up such

an angelic creature for the painted harridan with all her wealth. But my meditations were, on one occasion, interrupted by Mr. — himself, who coming forward into our circle near the fire, took his station close beside the lovely effigy of grief and resignation: I saw her colour vary as he approached, and she strove to turn her eyes another way. How I sympathized in her distress; constrained to dwell beneath the roof of such a wretch, and hear his ridicule and insulting jests. Yes, he dared to jest on the melancholy countenance of the gentle creature, whose mildness prevented her from retorting on the villain as he deserved; and, after a good deal of insignificant chat, he added, "she really appeared as if just risen from the tomb of her namesake Juliet, so woe-begone, and pallid were her looks."—"Yes," said his odious mate, "I think we had best present her to Kemble, as one of the chief mourners in the funeral procession; with that rueful countenance she will perform the part in the most *natural* manner."

Having thus said, she looked around for the applause of her hearers; but I was happy to perceive, her ill-natured, pitiful sarcasm failed in producing the mirth the lady evidently expected. Not a smile did it extort from any lips, save those of Mr. —, who laughed heartily, and declared "it was a devilish good thought." Poor Julia, I perceived, made a hard struggle to smother the sighs that forced their way, and betrayed the poignant anguish of her bosom. What a pity-moving spectacle did she just then present; and, I dare affirm, every person in the room sympathised in her distresses, while they inwardly execrated the barbarians who caused her pain. So much, indeed, did some of the party appear to feel her injuries, that I suspect her odious mother would have met some severe rebukes, had not the lady of the mansion just then announced the final arrangement of the card tables, when the sensations of pity quickly gave way to the more soul-inspiring hopes of plundering each other, and the majority

of the company hastened to begin their favourite occupation, while I, who rarely play at cards, unless to make up a hand, if absolutely necessary, drew my chair near to that of the interesting Julia, in whose rational and sensible conversation I passed a couple of hours, with infinite satisfaction. What a mind was her's, how just her observations, how pleasing, unaffected, and correct, her sentiments, and language.

But the scene is now nearly closed for ever, and Julia has advanced towards the termination of her weary pilgrimage. Three days after this our first and only interview, I quitted —, and on my return thither, some weeks afterwards, I was informed the poor sufferer, unable longer to combat with her feelings, had fallen into a lingering disorder, which ended, at least (heaven forgive me if I unjustly suspect the truth of the report) so her mother chose to make public, in a *derangement of intellects*, on which occasion she had been hastily removed, though in a state of extreme debility, to a distant asylum for unfortunate lunatics, where she is now doomed to linger out the residue of existence, perhaps as much alive, as at any former period, to a sense of her injuries and the cruelty of her enemies. From what I heard of her weakened and emaciated frame I should hope that heaven will shortly grant her a release from a state of pain and suffering; while it is most devoutly to be wished, that the destroyers of her peace may become the objects of contempt and abhorrence to all who know, or may hereafter become acquainted with their perfidy and baseness.

Perhaps, if you should give my letter a place in your miscellany its contents may strike the eye of some one who is master of the subject, and will recognize the parties from the circumstances of the story; and as there are in all places a number of good-natured friends who omit no opportunity of acquainting others with the most unpleasant truths and circumstances, under the stale pretence of exposing their enemies, it may so happen, that Mr. and Mrs.

— may one day see or hear of their wicked conduct having become the subject of public censure and detestation. Such at least I hope may prove the case; for wretches so inhuman and perfidious merit all the disgrace and abhorrence possible to be bestowed on them.

I am, Sir, with respect,

Your humble servant,

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

ST. AUBIN;

OR,

WOMAN VINDICATED.

A NARRATIVE, FROM THE FRENCH.

(Concluded from page 141.)

LETTER VII.

May 17, 1773.

MY fears were prophetic, Montalembert; again your poor friend is the sport of woman's caprice, once more do I abjure the sex. The first conflict was soon terminated, but this—ah, this will, I fear, bear hard upon me. My cheek glows with the scarlet blush of indignation; my hand trembles; a cold damp bedews my brow, while I write the hateful words, Josephine is faithless—Josephine has renounced St. Aubin. After I had dispatched my last letter to you, I proceeded on my journey with all possible celerity, but the weak state I was in occasioned several delays, which my impatience could ill brook. I will not tire you with minute details of the petty incidents which retarded my progress; suffice it, three weeks elapsed ere I reached the cottage of Alice. How my heart bounded at sight of the well-known, loved habitation; it was evening; I tied my mule to the nearest tree, and crept softly towards the casement, where I had often sat with Josephine, gazing

upon that chaste orb whose lucid beams silvered the glittering cascade which trickled from a rock within view. The sound of a flageolet now arrested my footsteps, it proceeded from the cottage; I started, paused, and a transient pang of jealousy shot athwart my bosom. "Some rustic lover, perhaps, thought I, and I advanced forward on tiptoe. Alas! neither Alice nor Josephine were to be seen. The musician was no other than honest Claude, the goatherd, and his only auditor was a tame kid, which rested at his feet. I no sooner pronounced his name than he started up, and rushed towards me with every demonstration of joy. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "our good Monsieur returned; this is felicity. How glad my mother, and my sisters will be to see you; I must run and bring them home."—"But, Josephine," said I, "where is she?"—Heavens! what a change did this simple question produce on the features of the youth, he hung his head, and my blood ran cold, with the conviction of some misfortune having happened. I caught his arm—"she is not dead, Claude?"—"Oh, no," he replied, fixing his eyes upon me, with an expression of concern and feeling, which I shall never forget—"Dame Alice, died soon after you left us. Josephine, Madame Josephine I mean, is a rich lady now, she lives in yonder chateau;" and he pointed it out to me. "How, how!" I exclaimed, with breathless impatience. "Sit down, Monsieur," said the honest fellow, "it is a long story, but I will tell you nothing but the truth." I seated myself mechanically, and Claude proceeded. "When you went away, Monsieur, poor Josephine took it sadly to heart; she pined, and looked so woe-begone that it made my heart ache to see her; then, to mend the matter, Dame Alice fell sick, and what with watching and fretting, Josephine, I thought, would never get over it. In the midst of all this trouble, Monsieur, she did not forget you, but frequently sent me to the town for letters or news; at last we heard of your being arrested, by order of the king, and every body said you were a lost man. In

the midst of all this who should arrive but Monsieur Surcombe, a very fine gentleman, who I soon found was the real father of Josephine, for Alice, you must know, was her nurse. This, to be sure, afforded her some comfort; and when Alice died, he took her with him to a fine house, which he had hired in town."—"Is that all," cried I, in a rapture, "I shall soon clear myself to her father, and Josephine will not love me the less because she is now the richest."—"That I am sure she would not," replied Claude; "but you know, Monsieur, she must conform to her duty, and now she is married."—"Married!" I repeated, wildly, "Josephine, my Josephine has not given her hand to another; you trifle with my feelings, Claude."—"Indeed, Monsieur, it is too true. Her father introduced a fine, handsome, and rich gentlemen to her, but she refused him once, twice, aye, I dare swear, ten times; indeed I do not think she would ever have consented, had not her father fallen dangerously ill, and when she thought him on his death-bed she could no longer refuse what he so much desired. And Josephine is now, Madame P——; she is happy too, I believe, for Monsieur is a most excellent man; he bought this cottage, and gave it to my mother; indeed he is always doing good; and Madame Josephine has recovered her good looks, and seems quite reconciled to her lot; and well she may, for every body says she ought to be happy with such a man."—"Torture me not," cried I, vehemently; and clasping my burning forehead with my hands, I rushed from the cottage, and ran with all possible speed down the steepest declivity: heedless of my footing, I slipped, and rolled down a frightful precipice. What became of me I know not: I am now in a comfortable room, and attended by hospitable strangers, who tell me that I was brought hither by a gentleman, bleeding and insensible. I write this by stealth, for all exertion is forbidden. I hear voices. Adieu for the present.

IN CONTINUATION.

May 30.

I HAVE strange things to tell you, my friend. Would you believe it; I am now under the same roof with Josephine, introduced by her too credulous husband; revenge is in my power, let him look to it; he robbed me of her once, now fate has turned the tables. Josephine is more beautiful than ever, I love her to distraction, and she is—but a woman.

I have not yet told you how this has come to pass; sometimes my senses are bewildered and I lose all method. Judge of my surprise, when upon the entrance of the persons, whose approach had caused me to throw aside my pen, I recognized my generous deliverer, in the man who had so recently preserved me from the jaws of death. He extended his hand and congratulated me upon my recovery. "Now you are well you must go home with me, I live very near, and the journey will not fatigue you; nay, hesitate not, I have satisfied these good people for their trouble in attending you, and I must now insist upon your becoming my guest. But, prithee, tell me what has brought you to this part of the world?" A short time before I should have gloried in declaring my love for Josephine, but now, mortified and humbled, I condescended to call falsehood to my aid, and stammered out, that my love of romantic scenery had led me to a spot abounding with such beautifully picturesque views. He misunderstood my confusion, and placing his hand on my shoulder, said, "and why should you hesitate to avow this, my friend, the exercise of such a talent as you possess reflects no disgrace; you have the opportunity of combining pleasure with profit, and illiberal indeed must he be who would attempt to stigmatize an art so enviable, so delightful. This delicacy of sentiment charmed me, and had the length of our journey admitted of the disclosure, I should, I really believe, have unbosomed myself to him without reserve; luckily I

was prevented by the carriage stopping at the chateau. I believe I turned pale, for my companion made me take his arm, and led me into an apartment where sat Josephine, with an infant in her arms: she no sooner beheld me than a deathlike paleness overspread her features, and she sunk fainting into her husband's arms; I stood like one petrified, an attendant took the babe, and Monsieur P——, turning to me, apologised for this strange reception. "I am afraid my Josephine has fatigued herself with sitting up too long; she is but just recovered from her confinement, but she will soon get strength, I hope." Madame P—— at that moment revived, and leaning on her attendant, quitted the room. I saw that her husband was wholly ignorant of our acquaintance, and I am not sorry to find that Josephine has her secret, as it lessens my opinion of her attachment to him. Accustomed now to the sight of me, she betrays no particular emotion in my presence, and Monsieur P—— has taken it into his head to be so fond of me that we are inseparable companions. And do I meditate to injure this man? It is a question I dare scarcely ask myself. Do not write to me; for the first time in my life I dread to hear from you. So strange is the present state of my feelings, that reproof would but aggravate me, and admonition would be disregarded; I will not resolve upon any thing, but blindly follow my destiny. Pity if you can, but do not reproach, the unhappy

ST. AUBIN.

LETTER VIII.

MONTALEMBERT TO ST. AUBIN.

June 12.

WHAT! shall I heed the ravings of a frantic boy? Forbid it honour, forbid it reason. St. Aubin, mark my words, and if it is not too late, fly from a spot so replete with peril; shame and remorse attend your footsteps if you persist in your vile purpose; rouse every noble faculty of your soul, and be again the friend of my heart. This is but a transient delirium, believe me; seek not to palliate the enormity

of your crime by misnaming it destiny; it is a subterfuge too mean, too pitiful; but I have no time for railing, I snatch a moment from my own domestic joys to warn a friend, once loved: his sorrows always claim my pity, his weaknesses my pardon, but his determined villany can excite only the abhorrence of

MONTALEMBERT.

LETTER IX.

June 30.

WAS it well, Montalembert, to tell me of your domestic joys at a moment when I am smarting in the agonies of disappointed hope?—But no matter, the expression may have escaped you inadvertently, and I can pardon much from you. Think not, however, that my reformation is owing to your cruel upbraidings; I deserved them, it is true, and I now feel, perhaps, more shame than repentance; it is to the virtue which I once thought so lightly of that I may ascribe my restoration to reason, it is to that virtue the unsuspecting husband owes his security. A short time previous to the receipt of your letter I was by chance left alone with Josephine, a momentary embarrassment ensued; it was but momentary, for banishing all reserve, I drew my chair close to her, and passing my arm across her shoulder, drew her towards me. She started from me, as if a serpent had writhed round her. “St. Aubin,” said she, with a severe look, “is it thus you requite the friendship and hospitality of Monsieur P——.” “Perish all such ideas,” said I, pettishly, “he can never make me amends for the injury he has done me, in robbing me of you, nor would I be a moment under an obligation to him, but for the delightful privilege it affords me of being near my Josephine.”—“If you think you pay me a compliment by that declaration,” replied she, gravely, “permit me to assure you, that you have mistaken the way.” I took her hand, she did not attempt to withdraw it, and fixing my eyes upon her with earnestness, I said, “tell me now, Josephine, with all that artless sincerity which I once

prized, do you really love Monsieur P—— ?” “ In truth I do,” she replied without hesitation, “ he is too amiable to be hated, and as my husband, as the father of my child, I love and honour him.” This declaration, the sincerity of which I could not doubt, threw me into a most violent paroxysm of rage. You know the impetuosity of my temper, and may guess the extravagances I committed. Josephine, terrified and disgusted, hurried away; and I, reduced to a state which baffles description, snatched down a blunderbuss, which hung over the fire-place, and discharged the whole contents into my breast. The report reached the ears of Josephine, who with the domestics instantly burst into the room. Heedless of appearances, Madame P—— used every endeavour to staunch the blood which flowed copiously from several wounds, and the solicitude she so unguardedly expressed, filled me, even at that moment, when I believed myself dying, with inconceivable delight. A surgeon was instantly sent for, but before he could arrive Monsieur P—— returned, and Josephine, with admirable address, ascribed the whole to accident, or rather, as she termed it, my extreme awkwardness in handling fire-arms. To my great surprise Monsieur P—— treated the affair very lightly, observing, that it was fortunate the piece was only loaded with small shot, but he hoped it would be a warning to me. His words made more impression upon my mind than he, perhaps, expected; yet I was only cured of one folly to fall into another. Josephine condescended to be my nurse; and to make the most of such an indulgence, I must confess, I pretended to be ill much longer than I really was; so occasionally I cherished the idea, that in secret I was still dear to Josephine; perhaps it was not a fallacious one, but I presumed upon it, and was deservedly punished. One evening I was sufficiently recovered to sit up to tea, and Madame P——, whose husband was absent for the day, indulged me with her company. In the course of conversation, I adverted to past occurrences, to the happy hours I had spent in the cottage,

and to good old Alice. Josephine was softened, tears of tender regret stole down her cheeks, her bosom heaved with unconcealed emotion, and laying her hand upon mine, she ejaculated with fervour, "those were blissful hours, St. Aubin, why, oh why, were they so cruelly interrupted." Amazed, delighted by this unguarded expression, I pressed her hand to my lips, then throwing myself at her feet, exclaimed, "Josephine, deceive not yourself with mistaken notions of rectitude, fate has given your person to another, but in the eyes of heaven you are mine; your heart, your vows, were they not wholly St. Aubin's?" Josephine started up—"this is sophistry I must not, will not hear.—True, my heart, my vows, were wholly yours, but duty demanded the sacrifice which I made. For a time, with romantic enthusiasm, I fancied myself wretched, but the tender assiduities of an amiable and attached husband, soon convinced me of my folly and perverseness. I found that merit was not confined to St. Aubin; that my fate was more enviable than lamentable; and that I was, myself, unworthy of the regard of such a man as Monsieur P——; from that moment a total revolution took place in my sentiments, nor till the day on which you came to the chateau was our domestic harmony interrupted."—"And then, Madame, did not your sentiments undergo another revolution?" "Terror was the predominant sensation."—"Terror, how so, Josephine?"—"I feared lest Monsieur should make discoveries inimical to his peace. Jealousy might transform him into a less amiable character."—"Indeed! and your emotion was wholly upon his account? Your subsequent concealment too. Really, Josephine, you are strangely altered."—"I understand the irony your words contain," returned Madame P——, colouring, "and confess, at the same time, that your observation is just. When I was first the object of your regard, there was no tie to withhold me from answering your affection as you wished, but now, St. Aubin, you behold me a wife and mother, and yet affect to wonder that I am altered."—"Detested ties!" I ex-

claimed, snatching her to my throbbing bosom, "they shall, they must be broken, 'tis rigid prudence only makes you obedient to them, your heart, I know, disclaims the accursed bond." She broke from my hold with indignation. "Serpent," she cried, "I have cherished thee too long, where now shall I look for virtue, since St. Aubin is so base a wretch. Yet hear me now, ingrate, for the last time, quit this roof as you value my peace and your own reputation, for my husband's sake I will not accuse you, depart, therefore, while his pure soul is undisturbed by those angry passions which deform your nature, and bear with you the conviction that Josephine can never love or esteem the being who would trample under foot those sacred duties which refine and exalt the human character. Ah! St. Aubin, I see that you are not yet entirely abandoned to vice, and I rejoice that I may still recollect my youthful preference without a pang of self-accusation." As she spoke the animation of her fine features, the tuneful modulation of her voice, and the brilliant expression of her piercing eyes, gave her a dignity almost supernatural; what I had loved as woman, I could then have worshipped as a celestial being. "Forgive me, Madame P—," I cried, "and here, in the face of heaven, I swear never again to trespass; your anger I cannot bear, your pure soul I reverence, and whatever may be my sufferings, your peace, and that of him deservedly dear to you, shall never be molested by the wretched St. Aubin." She extended her hand to me, in token of forgiveness, and again requested me to quit the chateau, as soon as I could find a plausible pretext. I see the propriety of this measure, and am preparing to quit the chateau. Perhaps I shall pass a few weeks with you, if your heart and doors are, as formerly, open to the erring

ST. AUBIN.

Pierpoint having perused all the letters, hurried to the baron, and flinging them down before him, said, "the contents of these are not calculated to remove my pre-

judices; this same St. Aubin is a wild eccentric being, exactly such as my respected Savigné describes."—"Well then, my perverse young friend," said the baron, smiling, "read your tutor's letter to me, and if that will not satisfy you, I must give you up as the most incorrigible creature I ever met with."

LETTER X.

CONGRATULATE me, dearest friend, for happiness has yet a smile in store for the long-neglected St. Aubin. Pierpoint, that dear youth, for whom I feel a parental affection, will bring you this, he is a stranger to past events, and knows me only as the monitor of his boyish days, the grave and sometimes morose Savigné, yet I believe his generous heart will sympathize with my sorrows, and forgive my past errors. To you I leave the task of explanation, you have copies of my letters; and surely, when he knows that his mother and my Josephine are the same, he will not wonder, that at the expiration of that period which respect for the deceased requires the observance of Madame P—, she consents to bestow her hand upon one who, however unworthy, has a sincere respect for her matchless virtues, and a heart capable of appreciating her various excellencies. Josephine, my ever-loved Josephine, and the faithful wife of my reverend benefactor, are objects never to be divided in my affection, and personal admiration is strengthened by confirmed respect. Be it your care to inform Pierpoint that from the time when our correspondence ceased, I absented myself from the chateau, until chance threw me in the way of Monsieur Pierpoint, who requested me to undertake the tuition of his son. I discharged my trust faithfully, it was the only reparation I could make for my former ingratitude, and from the moment when I first undertook the important charge, I became the friend of the husband, not the lover of the wife. The fervour of youth has abated: I am not now the enthusiast of nineteen; but as I understand the nature of the

feelings at that age, tell Pierpoint, that I expect he will secure the hand of his lovely Julia while the prize is within his reach. Madame Pierpoint wishes to revisit her native country, her father has been long since numbered with the dead. Perhaps you, my friend, with your fair daughter, will add to our happiness by accompanying us. The excursion would, I think, be particularly agreeable to the young couple, and we shall make a snug family party.

anticipate a thousand agreeable sensations in reviewing the scenes of my early attachment. Leaning on your arm, I will point out the various objects, insignificant perhaps to casual observers, but most interesting in my eyes; and which even you will not regard with entire indifference, as they will serve to remind you of the eccentricities of him whom you have so long honoured with your esteem.

Hasten, dear friend, to relieve my anxiety, by acquainting me with Pierpoint's sentiments upon this occasion. I think I possess his regard, which, with the love of Josephine and your steady esteem, cannot fail to complete the feelings of

ST. AUBIN.

"Ah, now I am quite satisfied," cried Pierpoint, laughing, "and you may tell my Savigné, that I intend to prove myself a most dutiful son, by obeying his first injunction, respecting Julia."—"With my permission, I trust you would add," observed the baron. "Of that I have no fear," returned Pierpoint. Just then Julia tripped lightly into the room,—“well, Pierpoint, what do you think of our little romance?”—"I was pleased with it while the characters were unknown to me, but I own I should not have been perfectly reconciled to the hero had he been any other than Savigné"—“But the heroine, is not her character a complete vindication of woman?”—"I think it is, and happy would it be for society if there were many copies of so perfect an original."—"Why, you rude creature, would you insinuate that there are not?"—"I beg pardon if I have insinuated any thing derogatory to the honour of the

sex, in whom I have so strong a confidence that I am desirous of leading one, young, beautiful, and high spirited, to the altar this day week or sooner, if agreeable." Julia suffered herself to be persuaded into a compliance with this bold request, and the marriage was celebrated before the arrival of St. Aubin and his bride; and after a few weeks, spent in social hilarity, the happy party set out on their projected continental tour.

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. IV.

I AM naturally fond of the country, and it is with much pleasure and satisfaction that I quit the smoke and noise of the metropolis, at this season of the year, to enjoy with my friends, for a few weeks, the beauties of the country. I have, for the last fortnight, been paying a visit to an old college friend (whom I shall call Acasto) a clergyman, who has a living in Norfolk; the observations this visit occasioned, I shall lay before my readers in the present number.

Acasto, from a continual residence in the country, has acquired some peculiarities, which, however, in the severest observer, would but cause a smile. He is well acquainted with the elegant writers, both of ancient and modern times; but what he is especially to be admired for, is the goodness of his heart, which displays itself in every sentiment and action.

My friend has a sister, who lives with him, to whom it would be no strained compliment to say, that I know no woman who possesses a more cultivated taste, a more feeling heart, or a knowledge better suited to common life.

Acasto is the best of masters: several of his domestics have lived in the family these thirty or forty years. I could not but applaud an instance of his goodness in sup-

porting, with care and tenderness, in consideration of his past services, a labourer of eighty, who had been unable to render him any material service for many years. His, as well as his sister's readiness in relieving the wants and distresses, not only of their own, but the neighbouring parishes, is proverbial.

I cannot omit mentioning my friend's devotion in performing the sacred duties of his office, nor can it be better expressed than in the following lines of Dr. Goldsmith:—

“ At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fool's who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.”

It is almost needless to remark upon the salutary influence arising from such conduct. “ I am always very well pleased,” observes a celebrated author, “ with a country Sunday, and think if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for polishing and civilizing of mankind.” It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of indolent stupor, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse together upon different subjects ; hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being.

I have, perhaps, too much trespassed on the patience of my readers in the detail of Acasto and his family ; but I trust they will pardon a prolixity which arises from the interest I take in what relates to so excellent a man, and likewise from the hope that the picture of such characters may not be without their beneficial effects.

“ A man is known by his companions,” says the proverb, and I have scarcely ever seen it more truly illustrated than in the society and conversation I experienced under my friend's roof. “ The feast of reason and the flow

of soul" prevailed, unalloyed with the insipidity and affectation of (I am sorry to add) *fashionable circles*. I am sorry to attribute this in any degree to the fair sex, though I fear I must; indeed it is much to be regretted, that many of that most lovely and amiable part of the creation should so deceive themselves as to become, too considerably, the votaries of fashion and external decoration; while they neglect, or perhaps but slightly cultivate, those innate beauties of the mind and heart, which can alone ensure the real and permanent means of pleasing. Fashion and dress, whilst they are consistent with reason and decorum, are no way exceptionable (provided that more useful objects are not passed over) but when they exceed those limits, they ought to be exploded as the banes of society. I am the more earnest in expressing my sentiments upon this important topic, as I am fully persuaded, there is nothing, which has more powerful influence on the morality and conduct of men than the example of the fair sex. Let me therefore recommend to my fair countrywomen to emulate the character of Acasto's sister; and let me assure them, such a line of conduct will not only afford *themselves* heartfelt satisfaction, and render them more beloved and respected by our sex, but will be the means of producing the happiest consequences in society at large.

THE BANDITTI OF THE FOREST;

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS DAGGER.

(Continued from page 168.)

CHAP. IV.

The Gods to their dear shelter take ye maid.

Shakespeare.

BY this time the gloomy turrets of the castle in the forest appeared misty blue in the distant landscape; and

Albert halted his little company, to inform them that the midnight hour would better suit the completion of his plan, begging them to watch every avenue of the forest, and to be upon their guard from ambuscade. He then proceeded in the same listless manner until he arrived at the place where he was first attacked, and every circumstance of this affair he revolved in his mind; it was here that he was first seized; 'twas there his horse took fright and threw him; and in this place he lay weltering in his blood. He was interrupted in his meditations by the appearance of Sebastian, who had been one of his out-posts, and now returned to inform him, that a party of horsemen had entered the thickest of the forest gloom, and that amongst their party he could discover some prisoner, who was wrapt up in a large cloak, and who evidently was not, to them, a willing companion. Albert's bosom fired with revenge; his horn blew defiance when he discovered his old enemies. He charged them to stand—on their peril to proceed, when a sound from the disguised person, whose mouth appeared to be gagged, made strong exertions to ejaculate for help; but the banditti proceeded to fly from the pursuers, and Albert received a shot from one of their pistols which penetrated his cloak: he clapped spurs to his horse, he pursued them; and notwithstanding their superiority of numbers, the ruffians were forced to seek their safety in flight. Three lay dead at Albert's feet: but his grief was unbounded when he found that their victim and her conductor were no longer visible, for the fellow had thought it most prudent to leave the field with his fair charge, whose sex, in the commencement of the rencounter, had become visible.

Irritable as were always the feelings of Albert, at this disappointment he now foamed at the mouth—he raved with passion. Fool that I was, he cried, to be so much occupied with my own wrongs, as not to attempt to rescue her—to engage at first with the rascal who bore so precious a burden; some Adelaide, perhaps, like mine, torn by

these assassins from a parent who loves her, and a lover who adores her. And you, ye dolts, why did you not stop those ravishers of beauty; you had on private wrongs to redress, you were not influenced by revenge, but had to wish for the death of the whole of them. A female in distress, and perhaps Adelaide herself.

It was some time ere he would hear reason, and his companions ventured to assert, it was little probable it could be the lady that they were in pursuit of, as she had disappeared before Albert's return, and was probably closely immured from that time. The gust of passion blew over, his bosom remained calm, but he had awakened the suspicions of the banditti, and now, of course, alarmed for their safety, would cause them to be on the alert. He feared that an attempt on the castle would for this night be impracticable; but they had arrived nearly under its rampart, and the impatience of Albert made him endeavour to fix upon some plan to surprize and conquer them.

Already had the clock struck eleven, and its last tone was dying away in the shades of night, when Sebastian and his master watched the movement of light through the dilapidated casements, as they shewed their camelion hues through the painted glass. Something extraordinary seemed about to take place; and Albert was not wrong in supposing that it might be occasioned by the reception of the unfortunate Adelaide, who, owing to his negligence, was obliged to take up her abode in this inhospitable spot, without a friend to comfort her; and I, said he, suffered her to escape me. The idea of its being her whom he was in pursuit of, again struck him. "Peace, maddening thoughts," he exclaimed, "ye would drive me to despair. No one could dare to bind her lovely limbs." Sebastian was alarmed; he feared his master's intellects were wandering, and he used all his eloquence to calm his feelings; and again they directed their attention towards the castle. All was now wrapped in silence, naught was heard but the cricket, or the gentle

flutter of some alarmed bird. At length Albert counted the hour of twelve stealing on the gale; that hour in which murder and devastation, with horrid strides, stains the earth with enormities; the hour when the midnight steel is bared by the assassin, and the unprotected female becomes a prey to the dissolute Tarquin.

Now was the time they seized their arms, the low murmurs of their plans were buzzed in each other's ear. Albert, with Sebastian, had determined to visit the trap-door, from which the former had made his escape; and should they become the slaves of the banditti, they were immediately to storm the castle, on hearing Albert give the preconcerted signal. When they arrived at the bottom, Albert groped about for the several doors; these he found; Sebastian followed at his heels. Not particularly partial to his situation, his fears did not decrease on being informed by Albert, that he had mistaken the passage; he besought him then to return, to leave the completion of his plan until another night; but Albert was inexorable, and he followed, while his frame trembled at every piece of earth which fell from the excavated corridor, expecting to be laid hold of by some dead hand, or froze by fear at a pair of large eyes, or a mouth vomiting fire and brimstone; he was somewhat cheered, when he was informed that they had at length gained the wished-for door, and they entered a circuitous passage. Chilly icicles dropped from the wall, teeming with humidity upon their heads, and seemed to impart their chilly nature even to Albert's heart. He was struck with horror and dread, the wind howled around him, nearly extinguished the glaring torch which made darkness more visible, and spite of all his efforts to avoid it, his feelings quite subdued his courage. A bat struck against Sebastian's forehead, it felled him with fear to the earth. Albert recovered himself, but sounds seemed approaching him; a heavy chain fell apparently over his head, its clank made his heart sicken, but he crossed himself, and darted forward. At the turn of a corner a strong

glare met his sight; in a second he was environed by numbers, and before he could sound the expected charge, he was disarmed, and conveyed into a dungeon, he knew not where situated.

His faithful companions, who began, at length, to be uneasy at his stay, blew a gentle blast, as they lay upon the ground; but they were unanswered, and in vain they placed their ear to the earth—no sound approached. At length the welcome bugle's note was heard; they rushed forward, but they were opposed by the banditti: desperation contributed to their bravery, but overcome by numbers, some were content to sell their lives dearly; but finding that of no avail they at length were obliged to seek their safety in flight.

Albert's benumbed faculties were long in recovering their powers; at length he found patience to be his only resource; but he had heard the fatal bugle, and that, although it awoke him from stupor, soon plunged him deeper in nonentity. He feared that his faithful friends were all cut to pieces; but now, as he had in some measure recovered, he hoped some might have escaped, his sovereign would interfere, and it would not be long ere liberty would again be his. But for Adelaide—alas! said he, her name must be for ever banished from my lips. His meals were served him by the silent Gudolfo; and he had sunk into that kind of listlessness, that the banditti hoped would soon end his existence. A nervous fever preyed on his frame, and his appearance was consumptive. They had given his uncle these particulars; and Count Zittau had rather that a natural death should rid him of his ill-starred relative, than that the discovery of another murder might too much blacken his character to the Emperor Leopold. Albert frequently walked out from his window into a small turret, and this was the only liberty allowed him; but not even this privilege was allowed until the shades of darkness had descended.

One night, when to cool a parching thirst he had crawled

out for air, while he was offering his orisons to the moon, he heard the sound of a female singing a plaintive air, but he regarded it only as the effect of a disordered imagination; but again he heard it louder; it was silent; and again it recommenced; and again it died away upon the breeze, and all was silent; he approached nearer, and heard some words, and, at length, with much attention, this part of the end of a stanza—

“ am torn !

While my lover he mourns my delay !”

A deep sigh followed—it was the voice of a female, and it was also the voice of illness and distress, and Albert knew it not; when at length it continued:—

“ Then haste to my lover, ye cherubs, your flight,
On the breeze bear my sorrows away;
And tell him I languish, I die for the sight
Of a parent—who mourns my delay !”

The voice complained not again. Astonishment, rapture, and apprehensive dread, by turns, convulsed his thoughts, when he now fully discovered the voice, altered as it was from its once sweetness. Yes, it was his beloved Adelaide, whom he supposed had composed these words to sweeten the gloom of a prison. He calls Adelaide, but she hears him not, and the voice of one of the myrmidons cautioned him to retire. The man had brought his wonted refreshment; he took it, for the first time, with a degree of zest; and that Adelaide was near him roused all his dormant hopes. With his frugal meal in his hand, he climbed the circular staircase, and again appeared on the turret. Adelaide's name is resounded, but, alas! he receives no answer. Again he sunk into melancholy upon his couch; he dozed—he slept.

The following morning he busied himself in contriving to escape, for several weeks had elapsed, and no return of his companions. Often had he strained his eyes over the

immense waste, but to return them unsatisfied; his keepers, grown circumspect, left him now less at liberty. He had no prospect of emancipating himself with his life; he might have thrown himself over the battlements, but Adelaide lived and he would live for her, and his only pleasure was in singing aloud a verse to the same air as Adelaide, expressive of his situation; it was as follows:—

“ Your lover, alas! is immur'd from the light,
From the joy and the sight of the day;
Your cherubs in vain, then, will tell of our plight,
To your parent who mourns far away.”

This he frequently sung but he was unanswered; and of late her voice had ceased. Albert supposed her apartment had been changed, for he could not conceive that they could immolate such lovely innocence. Alas! he knew not, that when wretches discard the ties of humanity, how far their wickedness and interest will carry them. It was in vain he argued on the cause of his detention, he could gain no answer. At length a new attendant was somewhat more merciful; this fellow promised him a book; he conjured him if he was not divested of all pity to inform him if there was not a young lady immured in the same walls, the fellow began to be moved, he ran to fetch the book, he told Albert that there was a young lady, some little time since, but he believed she was there no longer. Gudolfo now interrupted the man, and choaking with passion, bade him retire: the hardened wretch smiled maliciously on him, and closed the door. Albert threw away the book in a fit of madness; and feared that the man would not be allowed to return. Had he been sure of this, no doubt he would again have proceeded to end his existence by the mysterious dagger, which remained concealed in his cloak; the German eagle still appeared, but the other medallion was invisible, and Albert paused over its secret. Yes, said he, drawing it from its sheath, spite of thy ominous words I would use thee,

and rid the world of so wretched a being. But the troubles of Adelaide made him, though they augmented, soon forget his own; he returned the dagger; he took up the book, and ran over the leaves insensibly. It consisted of provincial tales, but he read them not; he waited with impatience for the return of his friendly communicator. As night approached, the man came with the key of the turret, and his lamp; the latter he sat on the floor. In silence Albert would have enticed him to stop, but the man was resolute; he shrugged up his shoulders, significantly, as if he would have said, I dare not, and retired. Albert was now left to his only physician, patience, but this quality was nearly exhausted; he tried to recollect the face of this man, to know if he had seen him before, in the banditti party, but it was strange to him; whence then his seeming pity for his situation. Poor Sebastian, too, what had become of him; his murdered followers also sat heavy on his soul. The breeze blew refreshing and he prepared for his usual walk in the turret.

(To be continued.)

THE STROLLER'S TALE.

(Continued from page 174.)

CHAP. IV.

HOWEVER, at this place I remained, for I had no way of bettering my situation; my money was exhausted, and the few creditors I had importunate. I had indeed appealed to my employer, in order to persuade him to raise my salary, or to pay me part of a demand which he owed me. He professed every inclination for my service, and to agree to my wishes, excepting one; this was his total want of cash; and I had so often received supplies from

my mother, that a resource this way was impossible, and I became stupified with my situation.

I have often heard that the first emotions of despair tend in some measure to rouse our faculties; and so it may where something is to be done, but I had nothing to do. To be sure the world was all before me, and Providence my guide; but how was I to avoid that starvation which appeared to stare me in the face. I was reduced to the form of the starved apothecary, and I got the nickname of Master Slender, from the wags of the village. The case was altered to the general circumstance of itinerant players, which was, that I had the manager's regard, but my dislike to him was founded upon the most rational idea possible. He owned that I had great merit, but as—

“ Soft words butter no parsnips,”

this could not pay me for my transcendant abilities; for, as I have before hinted, he had not wherewithal to buy his children bread. My creditors threatened to trouble me, I could not be so rude as to give them such trouble; I took the hint;—

“ A handkerchief held all the little I had;”

nothing, I assure you, had been retained of my cloaths but what was perfectly necessary; and in the middle of the night—

“ I took to the road.”

Behold me then a “ king of shreds and patches,” though I confess, I was not resigned enough to say—

“ Thank heaven, I am not without a ducat.”

I strayed I knew not where, while the most gloomy thoughts occupied my soul. At one time I resolved to repent, and return to *shop*, but this my pride prevented me from doing. I depicted the scorn with which I ima-

gined my return would be greeted. Three shillings and fourpence was the utmost of my finances, and the only ornaments which I retained, and which could be turned to account was, a silver watch with a brass key, a gilt broach, and a case knife. But it will, I am aware, be no small source of surprize to many an old *stager*, how I could think myself poor with such *immense resources*; but let it be remembered that I was yet young in my profession, had just began to feel the want of those comfortable meals, which at home it was my lot to partake of:—

“ We all of us know what we are,
But we none of us know what we may come to!”

At length after I had wandered for some time, the light of day appeared, and after I had travelled great part of the day, through a cross country, the busy haunts of men appeared in view, the distant chimnies were in sight, the spire of a church peeped between the trees. I entered green lane—I arrived at the top—I passed the blacksmith's shop at the corner of the town, at which I arrived at five o'clock, on a wet day, fatigued, dejected, a solitary wanderer, and so exhausted with fasting, that I was obliged to enter a house for a little rest and refreshment.

The rain drizzled down the window as I sat in a parlour of a little pot-house, where no cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, to enliven me with its warmth, and the comfort of its appearance. I fixed my eyes on the rain as it continued to fall, till the question of Sir, did you call, roused my attention, and awoke me from my stupor. I was rash enough to order a pint of porter, with some bread and cheese; this composed my breakfast, dinner, and tea, and I greeted with warmth this homely fare, which, at one time, I should have rejected at home as a meal with the greatest disdain. Hunger gave it a zest, and while I enjoyed this bodily gratification, my mental sensations were also refreshed. I began more cheerfully to regard the future.

I now found that I had fancied myself a genius, and that fate was attempting to persuade me to the contrary. I was even now so humble that I envied a wheelwright, who sat facing me, in an out-house; and although the perspiration ran from his brow, from the exertions he made, yet the fellow whistled and sung more in tune than many of my *professional* friends, which I had left behind me at Hertford. My meal concluded—

“ Richard was himself again,”

“ My bosom's lord sat lightly on her throne,”

and I arose from my seat, I amused myself with inspecting the elegant coloured engravings of Temperance, Prudence, and Chastity, depicted on the wall; I swore, for the future, these should be the lares—the household gods I would worship. I read on the window that “ *Polly Jones had been here, 1800;*” that “ *Miss Collier was a pretty girl,*” and that, “ *No she isn't;*” with—

“ Whoso writes his name on glass,
Must either be a fool or ass ;”

when I began to think that my erratic disposition might not be undeserving of the latter epithet, if I did not try to gain some certain employment. I thought of my finances, and gently touched the bell wire; it emitted not the loud peal of a wealthy pocket, but a modest gentle tinkle, indicative of the slenderness of my purse.

I was no longer the gay youth, with a hat stuck on one side of my head, knocking my boots with my cane, and striding before the fire like a huge Colossus, whistling an air, or laughing at my own facetiousness; “ but quite chop-fallen,” I condescended to take my halfpenny change, from the cherry cheeked damsel; tried at a joke, which faltered on my lips, while I dropped the solitary copper into my pocket, where no congratulatory gentle clink, recog-

nised a companion, and proceeded to the next town. My meal, however, had raised me an inch higher. A fine evening had now preceded the rain and I entered at nine o'clock, a room at the "White Horse," fully determined to do something on the morrow. No. 5 was occupied by travellers, yclep'd bagmen; happy set, I ejaculated; for if boisterous mirth could make them so, my conclusions were just. I know not the cause of it, but I was ever inclined to catch the tone of the company I was with, I sung them several of my songs, my supper cost me nothing, in a time I forgot my situation in their offers of service. I retired to bed, and slept sound till late the next day, without once thinking that this indulgence should be paid for.

On my rising from bed for my breakfast, all my friends, I found, were every man to his occupation; they had forgot the promises they had made me in the hilarity of the evening, they had slept off their generosity, and the morning's dawn had brought prudence to their sight—a young lady whom I had treated with so much asperity that she had vowed, I believe, never to visit me more.

However, after settling my bill (most awful ceremony) I, who had the precaution over-night to ask if—

"There were players in the town;"

enquired for the place of action; I was directed to a barn at the outskirt of the town, and with a palpitating heart, yet with a look of brass, tapped at a cottage door, which was an appendage to the theatre. The manager was a young man of the age of nineteen, married to a *lady* even younger than himself, and with their efforts they had to support two children, and an aged father and mother, all of which however, were a part of the *dramatis personæ*, consequently, said he, my salaries are not *very* high! You may try your abilities with us, and if you are useful and *not very bad*, I have no objection to allow you *twelve shillings* a week, and that's as much as any *gentlemen* can expect in

this circuit ; a benefit, for a moderate expense, is also what you may command.

Alas ! I was not much in a situation to *haggle* ; and the following evening, as Mr. Sydney, from the Theatre-Royal, in the Haymarket, I played Richard the Third ; sung some songs between the acts, and acted Jeremy Didler in the farce ; and never, I believe, was the Poor Gentleman dressed with more attention as to costume. Our theatre contained this night three pounds, fourteen shillings, and three-pence, and "*I was received with unbounded applause from all parts of the house.*" This indeed awoke all my dormant vanity, and I was engaged at the above-mentioned immense salary ; which, by dint of great industry, served to keep my form, "*eel skin stuffed,*" just together. Benefits were approaching, and I waited tolerable patient for the promised gratification, and as usual, prepared to levy contributions on the tradespeople.

One circumstance which I may add to the number of disappointments which I had expected when I adopted the sock and buskin, was the hope of the leisure I should enjoy, in preference to being a tradesman ; and the indulgence in dramatic reading parts I knew must be studied, but this I thought would not always be the case ; and I had fancied that a great part of the day might be spent in *elegant leisure* ; I imagined also, that my company would be courted by every one, and that every person would be anxious to invite a man who had—

" *Shakespeare at his finger's ends.*"

But, alas ! what a tedium did my days present ; I awoke at twelve o'clock, to kill time, then sauntered till one, often without breaking my fast until that time, then took a solitary half-meal. No patron of the histrionic art invited me to his festive board, and until the hour our curtain drew up, the moments dragged slowly and heavy ;

we played but four times a week, I had therefore sufficient time for ennui and complaint.

'Tis very true that a little perfumer's and stationer's shop would have supplied me with a few old novels, but twelve shillings a week, left me little to enjoy the elegances of life. How often have I envied the important look of the lowest mechanics when about to follow their employments; the contented whistle of the ploughboy agonized me with envy; and even the lowly stable-boy seemed to look upon me as "the scum of the earth," the unnecessary thing of society; and how did their contempt irritate the soul of a—cordwainer's son. "What!" I exclaimed, when I saw these *bourgeois*, as I conceived them, pampering themselves at the cook-shop, with mutton and potatoes, "must these fellows gorge themselves in plenty, whilst I, a moon-struck genius, must pad the hoof, and feed on air.

I remember one instance, and I will relate it; then tell me, ye who feed on the unsatisfying phantom vanity, if ye are not chop fallen indeed. It will inform you that whilst you are drones in the hive of industry, they who work are not wrong in denying you the honey which their exertions have never laboured to procure. I had retired one day into the fields,—

My custom always in an afternoon,

there to kill an hour, and to ponder over three shillings that remained in my pocket, when two days were only expired of the lazy week before the day of payment came round again, I was accosted by one of my compeers, who, though with a face all woe-be-gone, was lit up by merriment, and who exclaimed in the words of Kenny—

"You have not got such a thing as ten-pence about you, have you?",

"I have not a farthing in the world, my dear fellow," continued he, "and should have even not yet broke my fast

had not fortune favoured me, by causing me to win a shilling wager of an exciseman, who betted Ned Lee wrote the Double Discovery. But alas! I have despaired of a dinner; I came here to get it of beef and greens." I found he alluded to the oxen grazing, and the greenness of the grass; in other words, he meant dining with Duke Humphrey. "'Tis here," said he, "I pass many a weary day, contemplating how fine that noble ox—is—roasted, till sometimes I meet with some kind friend, who, for singing the Cat and the Taylor, inducts something more substantial into my mouth!" Would you believe it, gentle reader, that this distressed knight of the truncheon, was allied to a good family, but a love of vagrancy, a contempt for restriction, brought him to this; and when he informed me that he had once borne a commission in his majesty's service, "Good God!" I exclaimed, "how could you leave such an honourable situation?"—

My father was only a shoemaker.

(To be continued.)

ELLEN;

OR,

THE PARSONAGE.

(Continued from page 99.)

LETTER VI.

TO CHARLES D——, ESQ.

M—— Park.

WELL Charles, I have learnt who this Ellen Morland is. On applying to my oracle (my old steward, Thomas) I received the following account:—She is the daughter of the late Sir Edward Morland, who married the sister of our

vicar, Mr. Conway. She had the misfortune to lose both her parents at a very early age, in consequence of which, she has resided with her uncle, and guardian, Mr. Conway. This Sir Edward, was the richest commoner in the county, and Ellen, being his only child, is now the wealthiest heiress. But the subject once started, I thought Thomas would have deafened me with it. So beautiful! so good! nobody was like Miss Morland: "and, poor dear, my lady that's dead was so fond of her," said he. "Indeed! did she visit here, Thomas?"—"Visit! your honour, why she almost lived here, when my lady was alive; look, Sir," continued the old man, pointing to some exquisite drawings, which I had frequently admired, "Miss Morland did these—bless your honour, there never was any body half so clever as Miss Ellen. I declare I have sometimes almost cried to hear her, when she used to play on her harp, and sing to my lady one of her dismal songs; and she used to look, Sir, when she played, or leant upon her harp, exactly like a picture I have seen of an angel."—"What!" cried I, interrupting Thomas's panegyric, "so benevolent as Martha says she is, play! sing! draw! with the form of an angel? by heaven I must see this 'cynosure,' good Thomas; say no more about her, or I shall be unable to wait till Mr. Conway's return may warrant my introduction to her. But pray, with all her wealth and accomplishments, has she no lovers, Thomas?"—"Lovers! your honour," quoth Thomas, "there may be many whose mouths water for her, but Lord! our country gentlemen can make nothing of her, they look as foolish in her company, as—as—I do in your honour's; Master Frederick Conway now, I think, has the most likely chance to get her, for he is almost as clever and as good as she is; but then to be sure, they are almost the same as brother and sister." What think you of this description, Charles? Is not this such a being as might render an earthly pilgrimage heavenly? I am interrupted—a visitor.

By all that's strange, who should the visitor be but Mr. Conway! He is every thing, nay, more than he was described to me. He is a man about fifty years of age, of the most prepossessing appearance, polished in his manners, learned and pious, but neither a pedant nor fanatic. What an acquaintance, pshaw! what a friend will he (I hope) make me. His was not the visit I told you I have received so many of, he is not the curate I described to you. He addressed me with feeling when he spoke of my father; a tear glistened in his eye, and I venerated it; he said he was the best of gentlemen, of friends, and of neighbours. God grant, Charles, I may leave such a character behind me. And then he spoke of my step-mother; he was inspired: why was I not known to this estimable character? but 'tis past.

In reply to his warmly-urged invitation, I told him when I came to the Parsonage it should not be as a formal visitant, but as a friend, or one who aspired to inherit the friendship he had entertained for my father. After an hour spent more to my mind than any one since my residence here, with a cordial squeeze of the hand, and a repetition of his invitation to the Parsonage, he left me. I feel an eagerness to pay this visit I can scarcely account for, I am afraid there is something of curiosity lurking at the bottom of this eagerness. No, 'tis not curiosity. I have analysed the sentiment—'tis something warmer, 'tis something purer; 'tis a solitary heart, capable of feeling as much as a heart can feel, panting for a society where it may be understood; its affections awakened from a lethargy, and roused to the bliss of reciprocal delight. I shall go to-morrow: you may expect an account, and in the meantime committing you to the care of your tutelar saint, whoever he, or *she* may be, I remain,

Yours, truly,

HENRY M——.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

M—— Park.

I SLEPT not last night with my wonted soundness. Expectation, for aught I see, strews as many thorns on a man's pillow as affairs or feelings of more apparent consequence. I arose early, but my breakfast had not its usual relish. I dressed myself with rather more than ordinary care, mounted my horse, and whether I walked or galloped him to the Parsonage, I need not tell you. On arriving, my groom rang the bell, and I took a survey of the exterior. Well, thought I, if the reputed divinity of the place answers to the beauty of her temple, I shall have no objection to become a votarist. By the bye, is it not strange, Charles, that my expectation, my anticipations of the Parsonage, were totally unconnected with the idea of Mr. Conway, and Ellen Morland was the only person imagination coupled with it. Is it not strange, say I? Oh! no; for still to the heart of feeling man is woman the primal object. Still will there be a void in the heart where she dwells not, and still is her cherished idea associated with that of every approximate or distant prospect of happiness or good. View her as the kind, the affectionate mother; the faithful mistress, the tender wife; the comforting nurse; still is woman *all* to man. "*Il y a dans une femme, une gaieté légère qui dissipe la tristesse de l'homme. Ses graces font évanouir les noirs fantômes de la réflexion. Sur son visage sont les doux attraits et la confiance. Quelle joie n'est pas rendue plus vive par sa joie? Quel front ne se déride pas à son sourire?*" Is it strange then, that an isolated being, cut off from all society which to him appears estimable, and conscious of all this to his "heart's core, aye, to his heart of hearts," should feel anxious, should pant for the sight of a person, whose character has been painted to him in the colours by him held dearest? How think you I looked, Charles, when the servant, who an-

answered the bell, informed me, Mr. Conway and Miss Morland were from home. And this visit so much thought of, terminated by leaving my card. My horse was cool when I reached home. By heaven! these little disappointments sometimes affect one more than more serious matters. Whether 'tis etiquette or no I know not, but to-morrow I try again. I shall not send this off till after my second attempt. I have been so long accustomed to impart every thing that interests me to you, that I feel the greatest pleasure in writing to you.

My dear friend, you must neither expect reason or information upon any common-place subject from me in future; like Sterne's Starling which could say nothing but "I can't get out," "I can't get out;" so I am afraid my letters will cloy you with the repetition of "Ellen," "Ellen." I have seen her, Charles, have conversed with her, and find her more than thought, imagination, heated thought, could conceive; but to descend to particulars while my every nerve is agitated by surprize, wonder, and admiration, it would be as easy to calculate eternity. Good night.

Now, Charles, attend. As I purposed, I went yesterday morning to the Parsonage, where the servant informed me that Mr. Conway was from home, but that Miss Morland was within. I was ushered into a room, and the servant went to give her my name. The room I entered, seemed the very temple of elegance and confusion. Strange associates! think you; but 'twas so. 'Twas a library, furnished in the most handsome style, a harp stood in one place, a lute lay in another, and drawing materials, half-finished drawings, and books were scattered about in the wildest disorder. A chair was placed at a reading-desk; I sat down in it, and looked around with wonder, till casting my eyes upon a book which lay open upon the desk—I saw it was—think you my former wonder was lessened?

my own copy of Beattie, which I told you I had lost, and in vain endeavoured to find. Ere I recovered my surprize, Miss Morland entered—such a form and face! Charles! She advanced towards me with the utmost elegance of manner, informing me she shortly expected her uncle's return, till changing to see the book which I had taken up, and still held in my hand, she faltered in her speech, and a slight blush flitted across her cheek. I also, from being in the presence of such a female as never before met my eyes, felt all the pleasure arising from "boyish freshness," unpolished by the society of woman. How long we should both have remained confused for me I know not, for my introductory address was most stammeringly murdered; but with such a smile as fancy gives to the dimpled cheek of Euphrosyne, she paid me the usual compliment, and added, "my behaviour, Sir Henry, in detaining that book, is almost inexcusable; but I trust you will forgive a heart enamoured of poetry, the detention of such an author as Beattie, till I had perused him." What enchantment locked my senses in duration I know not: to such females as I every day encounter, I could have replied in a strain of gallantry, but there is something so superior, so indescribable about this being, that for the soul of me, I could utter no more than that "I thought both myself and my author honoured;" old Thomas's description of the insignificance of our country beaux, when in her presence, coming also into my mind at the moment, brought with it a most pleasing idea of my own littleness. I believe, from the smile which lurked in the corner of her eye, she perceived my confusion. She, however, kindly freed me from it, by relating where she had herself found the Beattie, and on opening it was so struck with its beauties, she could not refrain from reading it; "certain" to use her own words, "that the writer of these remarks" (pointing to my marginal notes) "would not be offended." We then entered into the merits of the author; with what genius, what judgment she spoke! I

hung as attentively on her "silver tones," as a votarist on the accents of the oracle of the god he worshipped. Her easy manner soon wore off my *mauvaise honte*, and turning by a short gradation from poetry to music, I had the temerity to ask her to indulge me with an air. With a willingness to oblige, that added grace to her compliance, she drew her harp towards her, with an assenting smile. An enthusiast in most things, you know how particular, how erroneous (according to the opinion of most) are my ideas of music. By heaven! I was enchanted, I held my breath in "holy silence," while sounds, sweet as the songs of seraphs, issued from her harp and lips. I adore simplicity in every thing; I like not to hear a voice extending itself even to distress, to gain heights which deprives it of the melody nature has given it; or wandering so wildly in the labyrinths of sounds, as to lose all sense: such was not the singing of Ellen; every word of the plaintive ballad she chose, flowed with melodious distinctness; the heart and understanding were as much pleased by the beauty of the words, as the ear was charmed by the music. She finished—and not a word could I utter either of thanks or admiration; but I thought she seemed gratified by my heartfelt, though silent emotion. She continued her sorceries of conversation, music, and singing, till the return of Mr. Conway, who expressed himself pleased at finding me his guest, and insisted on having my company for dinner. You may suppose my excuses were not very warmly urged. How different, Charles, was the meal of this worthy man, to the Bacchanalian parties I have been obliged to frequent lately; 'twas indeed a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." Mr. Conway gained fresh ground in my esteem every moment, and his lovely niece enchained my very soul. I have been the best part of the day writing you this account; "pleasant is the memory of joys that are passed," says Ossian. 'Tis now night; I must to my pillow. If you are now about to court the drowsy god, pleasant dreams to you; I can

guess, what form will haunt mine; "il est naturel que nos idées les plus vives, et les plus familières se retracent pendant le sommeil," says Marmontel.—Eh bien! de tout mon cœur, say I.

Bon soir,

HENRY M——.

P. S. Mr. Conway's son Frederick is absent on a tour through the northern counties, and is not expected for two months; I hope he will resemble the part of the family I have already seen.

REFLECTIONS ON HAPPINESS.

AN EXTRACT FROM ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S LETTERS.

***** BUT why should we stand lamenting over circumstances that cannot now be altered? It is the part of wisdom to prepare for that which she cannot avoid; and, to use the words of a certain writer,—

"That man, I trow, is doubly blest,
Who of the worst can make the best;
And he, I'm sure, is double curst,
Who of the best does make the worst."

Yet there are situations in life where you have not the power of remedying the evils you discover, where wisdom cannot act, and where philosophy is useless. I have sometimes, notwithstanding my former observation, been induced to consider this *our* misfortune; and if this is really the case, I am sure we may be allowed to lament—not that I mean by this we should sit down and begin snivelling like school-boys, but that when those, whom we most naturally look to for support and assistance, cannot afford them, we may be excused if we utter the language of re-

gret; and especially when we feel convinced that a little caution, and I may add, common foresight, on their parts, might have prevented our falling into this melancholy dilemma.

I do not mean to reproach a negligence, which however lamentable it may appear in the eye of others, has, I am too well convinced, many circumstances attached to it, which can palliate, though not wholly excuse it. We must endeavour to supply by our own prudence, and our own exertions, that deficiency, which a want of these in others, has occasioned to us. If things do not turn out as we have been led to expect, we must patiently submit; and instead of suffering these disappointments to create despair in us, let us aim at regarding them, rather as *lessons* than as *miseries*. Men, in the pursuit of happiness, I believe, often mistake their object; and follow a shadow, where they imagine they see the substance. We build our hopes too much upon external causes and events; we depend too much for our happiness upon others; and hence we have so often to mourn the failure of our wishes. I believe every man has it much more in his own power to be happy than he is aware of, or willing to think; and I also believe that more than half the miseries we complain of, if properly searched into, would be found to originate in ourselves. People, in prosperity, are very ready to take to themselves all the credit of their good fortune, and to attribute it to their own prudence and sagacity—hence, whatever pleasures they derive from their affluent situation, are also attributed to the same source; for if they take to themselves all the credit of the *cause*, so they must also of the *effect*. But if ever they become reduced, or if other circumstances arise to cloud their fancied happiness, what is their language then? Oh! these are the afflictions of Providence! Their misery is not like their happiness—of their own creating! Oh! no—they had nothing to do with this—their misfortunes have come upon them they know not how or why! And thus Providence is *ungrate-*

fully deprived of all share in their prosperity, and *impiously* murmured at, and charged as the cause of all their miseries!

But so long as we look to the world for our happiness, so long as we place our dependance upon external circumstances, how can we expect that our happiness will possess stability, or that our dependance will prove faithful and true in the hour of danger? * * * * *

AMICUS.

ANECDOTE OF MAJOR JOHNSTON.

SOON after the conclusion of the French war in the Queen's time, a young, pert officer, who had been but lately listed in the service, came to the ordinary at the Black-Horse Inn, in Holborn, where Major Johnston, a brave, rough, old Scotch officer, and one that feared the Lord, usually dined. The young gentleman, while at dinner, was venting some new-fangled notions, and speaking in the gaiety of his humour, against the dispensations of Providence. The major, at first, only desired him to speak more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more serious manner. "Young man," said he, "do not abuse your Benefactor whilst you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonour." The young fellow who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him, "if he was going to preach?" but at the same time desired him to take care what he said, when he spoke to a man of honour. "A man of honour," says the major, "thou art an infidel and a blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such." In short, the quarrel ran so high, that the young officer challenged the major. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might plunge him; but finding

him to grow upon him to a degree of scurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear, "sirrah," said he, "if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy sauciness to his servant." Upon this he drew his sword, and cried with a loud voice, "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" which so terrified his antagonist, that he was immediately disarmed and thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life; but the major refused to grant it, before he had asked pardon in a short extempore prayer, which the old gentleman dictated upon the spot, and which his proselyte repeated to him in the presence of the whole ordinary that were then gathered about them in the garden, to their no small diversion.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANTLY COLOURED PLATES.

Figure 1.—A Chinese robe with full long sleeves of fine twilled cambric, trimmed round the throat and wrist, and down the front, with a full frill of the same. A French founding cap, formed of alternate stripes of lace and white satin, trimmed with white ribbons and autumnal flowers. A pelisse of spotted muslin or net, trimmed entirely round with lace or muslin, and thrown loosely over the shoulders. Shoes and gloves of lemon-coloured kid.

Figure 2.—A round high robe with long sleeves, and falling collar, edged with lace or needle work, the dress composed of fine cambric. A small Capuchin mantle of green sarsnet, lined with white, and trimmed with Chinese silk fringe, of corresponding shades; deep Spanish pointed cape, trimmed with the same. White satin Spanish hat, the rim of the same colour as the mantle, ornamented with a demi-wreath of corn-flowers. Roman shoes of green morocco. Gloves lemon colour.



Sanderson.

London Dresses for October.

Published October 11th by Verner Hood & Sharpe Doulton.



THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Written during a late morning walk.

YE verdant fields! that smile so fair,
All glitt'ring bright with dewy show'rs,
Soon, soon shall winter chill the air,
And spoil your sweets, and crush your flow'rs.

Ye silver streams! that prattle by,
Winding the velvet plains along;
The freezing clouds are gather'd nigh
To check the murmurs of your song.

Ye birds! that chaunt the matin lay,
And warbling press the scented thorn;
Soon, soon those notes shall die away,
And cease to hail the rising morn.

Sad is my breast as wand'ring slow
I pace these lovely woodlands through,
To think how soon the drifting snow,
Shall hide their beauties from my view.

And is not such the transient smile,
The hurried close of healthful bloom?
Man vaunts his strength—but gaze awhile—
He slumbers in the noiseless tomb.

Alas! for you, ye purling streams,
Ye flow'ry meads that shine so fair;
Ye birds that greet the orient beams,
I well may feel the stings of care.

Ah! well your hapless fate to scan,
May bid me heave the pensive sigh—
In you I mourn my fellow man,
In you I weep mortality!

OSCAR.

LINES

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY WHO FELL A VICTIM TO A
HOPELESS ATTACHMENT.

HOW happy was my early morn,
When scenes of life were new;
When pleasure's rose without a thorn!
I pluck'd, nor thought of you.

Soon were those blissful days o'ercast,
And I—I own 'tis true—
E'er yet my tender years were past,
Had learn'd to think of you.

Unpity'd now I heav'd the sigh—
My peaceful hours all flew;
The tear of anguish dim'd my eye;
It fell, and 'twas for you.

Content (and health too) fled my breast—
The cause I only knew;
And should have sunk to peaceful rest,
Could I have quitted you.

Yet you will neither cherish hope,
Nor pristine joys renew;
Though with keen anguish still I cope,
And secretly love you.

But when my mould'ring relics lie
Enshrouded from your view,
Let sympathy impearl your eye
For one who died for you.

PARAPHRASE

ON A PART OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH ODE OF ANACREON.

AH! love, too oft, will cause to flow,
In reason's spite, the tears of woe;
Will, with its bitters, oft alloy
The sweetest cup of peace and joy.
Then, happy breasts, that still remain
Free of its fetters, cares, and pain!
But are the breasts that ne'er will glow
With tend'rest passions, free from woe?
"Ah! not to love is painful too."
But, oh! what pangs the heart must prove,
That's doom'd to burn with hopeless love.

Brentford, August 22, 1811. W. RYDER.

A THOUGHT.

TO say, 'adien,' excites a tear,
When from a friend we sever;
Hard 'tis to part, if harrowing fear
Whispers 'you part for ever!'

Still hope will shed a softer gleam
To dry the drop of sorrow;
Again to meet, will sweeter seem,
Than joys that wealth can borrow.

Long absent from the man we love,
If, Providence permitting,
Again our friendship we can prove,
Then each sad grief forgetting,

We feel a joy steal o'er the soul,
While friendship's calls obeying,
That seems, with merciful controul,
Our worst of woes repaying.

Sept. 2, 1811.

J. M. L.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

BLEEDING on the carnag'd ground,
A wounded hero laid ;
With closing eye he gaz'd around,
With fault'ring accents pray'd :—

“ Oh ! God ! attend a soldier's sigh,
My fleeting soul receive ;
In England's honour'd cause I die ;
My child to her I leave.

“ And may the boy become, in time,
A guard to Britain's good ;
Be sworn to shield his native clime,
Or shed his bravest blood.

“ My wife too !—Here a bursting groan,
Bespoke his life's last sigh !—
Thus was the hero's spirit flown,
Who taught the brave to die !

J. M. L.

THE LORD'S PRAYER VERSIFIED.

FATHER of all created things,
Who dwell'st above in heav'n !
All hallow'd be thy holy name,
To thee all praise be giv'n !

The kingdom of thy blissful grace,
May we still hope to win,
By strict observance of thy laws,
And keeping free from sin.

With humble rev'rence to thy will,
Which for our good is done,
Let us be thankful for each boon,
And impious murmurings shun.

Sufficient for the present day,
A christian should content,
And freely give to those who need,
When more by thee is lent.

Let us forgiveness still extend,
To those who do us wrong,
As we would be forgiv'n those faults,
Which to our race belong.

Against temptation guard our heart,
Lest we should go astray ;
And still thy bounteous grace impart,
To lead us the right way.

Keep us from evil day and night,
O Lord we thee implore :
Thine is the kingdom pow'r and might,
Both now and evermore.

TO CHARLOTTE.

DEAR girl in stiff poetic prose,
Accept the lays of one of those,
Whose idle hours (for why, God knows)
Are spent in rhyming ;
For Charlotte know I could as soon
Pluck honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
As let words fall without a tune,
Thus sweetly chyming.

Henceforward then I will converse,
 Alone in lofty epic verse,
 With sentence pithy, trite, and terse,
 " As Scottish Walter's ;"

Now, soaring in heroics, shine,
 Now grovelling, implore the nine,
 To aid me with the coming line,
 That strangely falters.

Come Phœbus let thy soft controul,
 Assert its influence o'er my soul,
 So shall revolving ages roll,
 Unmark'd by care :

But, ah! for me no bosom heaves,
 No maid fantastic garlands weaves,
 Nor friends, nor home, nor fortune leaves,
 My love to share.

Yet fancy paints, in glowing charms,
 Some houri form to bless my arms ;
 Such grace as now my bosom warms,
 I ne'er shall see.

Yes, yes, I realize the scene,
 Of virgin fair and meadow green,
 What vision'd fancy e'er has seen,
 I find in thee.

H. SKIDMORE.

THE BLACKBIRD'S TOMB.

BY W. HOLLOWAY.

NATIVE of Windsor's royal groves,
 Or Eton's classic bow'rs,
 Where still thy kindred tell their loves,
 And try their tuneful pow'rs.

Companion of the social ring,
That oft around thee drew,
Thy freaks to see, thy food to bring,
Accept our last adieu.

Still wont some cheerful friend to greet,
Belov'd in ev'ry stage ;
Indulgence made thy bondage sweet—
A paradise thy cage.

But, fall'n untimely, childhood dear,
Consign'd thee to this grave,
And o'er thee shed a tear sincere
As ever friendship gave.

Son of the woods ! to mourn thy doom
A poet adds his name :
Monarchs may boast a prouder tomb,
But not a fairer fame !

London, March 26, 1811.

ELLEN.

THE sun had sunk beneath the mountains grey,
And beam'd no longer on the blooming plain ;
The moon in splendour steer'd her starry way,
And awful seem'd her planetary reign :
When soft was heard, upon the gale,
And echo'd through the distant vale,
Poor hapless Ellen's strain.

Mark'st thou amid the rugged cliffs ascent,
Where, sounding, beats beneath the foaming tide,
There Ellen droops, by early sorrow bent,
Though once she was the valley's gayest pride.
But ah ! how keen her plaintive tale,
That now is borne upon the gale,
Along the mountain's side.

Her auburn hair, that zephyrs oft have borne,
In flowing ringlets, from her neck of snow,
Now clotted hangs, while she, with looks forlorn,
Weeps silent o'er the burden of her woe :
Her sighs oft join the wary wind,
And speak the throbbings of her mind,
In feeling accents low,

The bloom of health did once her cheeks adorn,
And ev'ry virtue dwelt within her breast ;
Her looks were then more lovely than the morn,
But faded now her form and fled her rest :
She once would skip the meads along,
The vale would echo with her song,
When she was young and blest,

Young Edwin, once the happiest blithest swain
That ever chas'd along the mountain's side ;
No form like his was seen along the plain,
For then he was the hamlet's manliest pride :
Fond love his generous soul possest,
And Ellen smil'd, and he was blest,
Though many with him vied.

But fortune on their hopes deceitful shone,
For they were gilded with her brightest ray :
Too soon, alas! the pleasing scene was gone,
Misfortune's clouds beam'd on the wish'd-for day ;
For ere her hand to him she gave,
Fate bore poor Edwin to the grave,
Amid the flow'ry way.

Poor luckless maid, keen was the trying hour,
That bore him from thy tender arms away ;
No more she smil'd, but like a blooming flow'r,
Which to the direful storm had fell a prey ;
So reason from poor Ellen's brain,
Fled, never to return again
To cheer the live-long day.

She now, amid the echoing hills, along
In pensive sadness roves at break of morn,
There far away from life's gay busy throng,
Mourns her sad fate in solitude forlorn.

Alas! no more in peace she'll rest,
For in her once contented breast,
Is planted now the thorn.

No friend can ere her troubled bosom cheer,
With friendship long her breast has ceas'd to glow;
Nor does she feel the sympathizing tear,
That oft is shed at her sad tale of woe;
The blast alone can sympathize,
It seems to echo back her sighs,
In whisp'ring strains and low.

But soon within the tomb she'll find repose,
Her troubles then will gain a sweet release,
Soon will her throbbing breast forget its woes,
Soon will her plaintive strains for ever cease:
In smiling hope her soul will rise,
And join her Edwin 'mid the skies,
In everlasting peace.

N. S.

TO OSCAR,

The two following Quatorzains were written immediately after perusing the Sonnets signed "Oscar," in the Monthly Museum for July, 1811.

I.

WHAT sounds were those so ravishingly soft,
That stole upon mine ear? Their dulcet tones;
Did melt my soul to sadness, and full oft
Swell'd my young bosom with the plaintive moans
Of woe mysterious; ah! they touch'd a chord
That long shall vibrate through this thrilling frame;
'Twas wildest melody—perchance it came
From those ærial spirits which are heard

To breathe their strains seraphic on the gale,
 When ev'ning's musty shadows clothe the vale.
 Perchance a wand'rer from the heav'nly choir,
 Gliding afar, descried this woe-worn spot,
 And musing much the miseries of our lot,
 In sympathy divine swept the harmonic lyre.

 II.

IS it then so? and must each blissful scheme,
 So fondly form'd in youth's romantic hour,
 For ever fade—e'en as the passing dream,
 E'en as the roseate bloom on beauty's flow'r?
 Oft with reluctance I have heard the tale,
 Incredulous; and o'er my thrilling soul,
 Still did the rapt'rous scenes of fancy roll
 Their visionary bliss; heedless, I mark'd the gale
 That chill'd the ev'ning scene; nor in the morn
 Which dawn'd so brightly, but foresaw a day,
 Of cloudless splendour; too soon must fade away
 These sweet illusions—ah! too soon shall mourn
 My sickening soul, that e'en in youth's fair bloom,
 Peace trembling flies, and beckons to the tomb.

July, 1811.

AGNES.

 A FRIEND.

WHAT ought we most on earth to prize,
 What most can please our longing eyes,
 And make our sinking spirits rise?

A friend.

Who cheers us when we tire and faint;
 Who listens to our weak complaint,
 And guides us too without restraint?

A friend.

When black misfortune's train appears,
 Who quells our rising troubled fears,
 And with attentive patience hears?

A friend.

And when disease invades our frame,
Who then allays the burning flame?
O, what more precious than the name,

A friend.

When death (grim tyrant) throws his dart,
Then who pours balm into our heart,
Who then relieves the painful smart?

A friend.

Sustains, upholds our sinking mind,
With worldly pleasures strong confin'd;
Oh, what supporting pow'r we find,

A friend.

Then if below, while here we stray
Along life's thorny dangerous way,
Kind heav'n should grant us when we pray,

A friend;

We ought contentedly to rest,
And think ourselves supremely blest;
For who can calm our troubled breast?

A friend.

L. M.

CHARADE.

WHEN Alexander's potent arm had hurl'd
The prostrate kingdoms at his blood-stain'd feet,
Then on *my first*, whilst banners wav'd unfurl'd,
He rode, triumphant, Babylon's proud street.

My second is what ev'ry monarch sways;
But Alexander's wild, ambitious dream,
Led him along to war's destructive days,
Till many kingdoms own'd his sway supreme.

My whole, in gentler days of purest peace,
Displays the bloom of nature's lavish hand;
And sheds, when winter's stormy moments cease,
Its balmy fragrance o'er a flow'ry land.

July 5, 1811.

J. M. L.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies, whose fame stands on record
 High as his birth can do ;
 Was prudent, wise (your ear—a word,
 The writer here *lies* too.)

SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

Pat-riot.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor cannot help admiring the "well penned and critical" epistle of Argus; but at the same time would be glad if he could bring proofs of what he has *asserted*. If the Editor has at any time rejected his *classical* effusions, it has been in consequence of a want of discernment, and a "*bad taste*." The Editor cannot help *lamenting* that he should fall into the flagrant error (though very common with garreteers) of "throwing his pearls before swine."

The Editor would most cordially accede to the wish of Alphonso, but it does not meet with the assent of the Proprietors.

If Eugenio will take the trouble to look into the appendix to Joe Miller, or the Panorama of Wit, he will there find his *originals*.

The Editor would thank P. R. and his compeers to pay the post, at least, for their "*homespun ditties*."

We gladly restore N. T. his Old Ned again.

The Editor will thank Mr. C. to be somewhat more careful in the preparing of his copy—English, but more particularly in his Latin and French quotations; as it gives the Printer, as well as himself, a great deal of trouble, and is the occasion of many gross errors and violations of grammar occurring. He will find some specimens of copy generally sent to the Editor at the Publisher's.

The Recruiting Party, Sioceritas, Reuben, Hannah Campion, Wm. A. Kyne, &c. &c. are under consideration, and shall be early inserted according to their merit.

Erratum.—Vide our last Number, page 180, line 6.

For "Poor fragile nature, and the varying woes,"
 Read "Poor fragile nature, and, through varying woes."





Painted by Kneller Engraved by J. H. Wood

Mrs Anne Killigrew.

Published by Turner, Hoar & Sharpe, Printing, No. 15, St. Paul's Church-Yard.